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Chester Bowles in India—page 14

New Republic

Robert A. Taft:

Wrong on Foresight

Wrong on Hindsight

Wrong on Peace

Richard L. Strout . . .

Collier's War of the Future

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Letters

Eisenhower for President

● Will you grant me a little space to present my case for Eisenhower for President? It is not a simple matter, for I am a liberal, a *New Republican* liberal from of old. And Eisenhower's appeal to the reactionaries is strong.

To my mind the dominant issue in the next election will be our foreign policy. Of the three men with real chances of nomination and election—Truman, Taft and Eisenhower—we can expect no change of policy under Truman; a drastic, and I feel, disastrous change under Taft; and a continuation and refinement of our present policy under Eisenhower. Since Eisenhower has won the complete confidence of Western Europe, I count that as President he would hold the trust of our Allies and command their full co-operation. His election to the Presidency would give our European Allies a sense of security that would go far to abating fears of a third world war. And fear of a war is a potent force for bringing on the war.

These are to me sufficient reasons why Eisenhower should be our next President. But the next four years will be replete with domestic issues: inflation, a possible economic setback with much unemployment, tax revision, development or revision of our agricultural policy, a reexamination of the problem of free speech, freedom of the press—to mention only a few of the issues that are likely to arise. Do I know what General Eisenhower's attitude would be in respect to such problems? No. Does General Ike know? More emphatically, no.

I have to fall back on the character of the man, as we have come to know him. He is fearless, modest and true, everyone admits. He has chosen the chiefs under him wisely and has backed them up unstintingly, giving credit for good performances to everyone but himself. He is ardent for efficient administration. Bewildered by the ways of academic institutions he asked, I am told, for a report to show how many departments and services in Columbia reported directly to him, as President. He found that there were 77, and remarked jocosely that when he commanded the vast American armies in the World War there were just three authorities reporting directly to him.

If he becomes President he will find to his astonishment that our machinery of foreign policy, constitutionally the combination of the President's initiative with the advice and consent of the Senate, is the most decrepit piece of junk outside of the historical museums. It could be replaced by a working scheme of a committee elected by the Senate, not corrupted by the seniority principle, worth the President's consulting on foreign policy. I regard the reconstruction of our foreign-relations machinery as potentially one of the most important steps in liberal policy, and I am confident that Eisenhower as President would be alive to its importance.

I ask myself, can we afford to place at the head of our government a soldier, the more eminent, the more specifically confined within the limits of the military imagination? I would never have been for Pershing for President, nor could I possibly be for MacArthur, even though, as satrap of Japan, he did a better democratic job in land reform than all our civil statesmen have done in Europe under the Marshall Plan. But there are generals and generals. Gen. George Washington was a magnificent President; Gen. Andrew Jackson was a powerful demiurge of the democracy; General Grant was a sad pre-Harding.

We have had opportunity to see how Eisenhower works. We remember how he behaved in setting up Allied power in North Africa, when some wise guys in the State Department wanted to play with Vichy, others with de Gaulle, and 12 little discordant statesmen in the department sent diverse instructions to Eisenhower, signed by Hull and approved by Leahy, neither in condition to read what he signed. Eisenhower cabled to his brother, plain Milton Eisenhower with the Middle Western clay not well brushed off his boots:

"For God's sake, find out what the government really wants me to do."

That's General Ike. As President he would try hard to find out what we the people of the United States want him to do; and he'd do it like a soldier.

What more do we liberals want? We have devoted ourselves, body and soul, to the true interests of the people of America and the world. It is our job to make those interests clear. And if we can make them clear enough, who so sure to say "It is so ordered" as General Ike?

New York City ALVIN JOHNSON

[We welcome this letter from a former *New Republic* editor and President Emeritus of the New School for Social Research. We would welcome further letters from readers on issues and candidates for 1952. — THE EDITORS.]

"MuckCarthy"

● The article on Joseph "Rank MuckCarthy" by Harold L. Ickes makes me feel very grateful to the author. . . .

My hat is off to Mr. Ickes. We common people without Senatorial immunity need him now more than ever to survive vicious attacks directed at us from behind the iron curtain of Senatorial immunity. . . .

Chicago, Ill. M. R.

Britain & the US

● The basic question to me, in connection with the new British situation discussed in the *NR* for Nov. 5, is how much the United States values, as a matter of her own security, the maintenance of Great Britain as an institution. The economists say that the gap between her and bankruptcy is about $1 billion and Butler's statement in the House of Commons on Nov. 9 indicates that the figure is approximately correct. It seems to me that the US has an opportunity

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

"Justice Is Truth in Action"

Solicitor Robert Scott said today that Max Ingram, 44, Negro farm hand, will go on trial in Superior court here [Yanceyville, N. C.] Wednesday on a charge of assault to commit rape on a white girl, 17. . . . Ingram is not accused of touching the girl complainant, who testified at a police-court trial last June that he "looked at me funny." – *From the Chicago* Daily Tribune.

And in This Corner . . .

Sen. Malone (R,Nev.) was asked . . . if he had a preference for the nomination [for President]. Malone replied, "Well, what about Dirksen? There's a man who could lay you flat with a punch and looks it." – *From the Chicago* Sun-Times.

Amen, Brother!

". . . I think we could use a word of prayer. This country was founded by men who were praying men and it has continued to grow because of praying men. I say damn the men who won't pray." – *Commissioner Fred L. Peterson of the Portland city council, as quoted in the Portland* Oregonian.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

EVERYTHING we know here indicates that the Chinese want an armistice in Korea. Their troops have been mauled, and they are not adequately equipped for the brutally cold weather. Communists have been coming closer and closer to our proposals. Now we have proposed a 30-day limit which is just short of an ultimatum. The present line of contact will be the new border (with buffer zone). But within the prescribed 30 days the Communists must negotiate (a) a prisoners-of-war agreement, and (b) adequate inspection policing. The alternative is a new attack; maybe A-bombs.

This column has emphasized the crucial nature of the prisoners-of-war issue, even before the spectacular Hanley story of atrocities from Korea. Both North Koreans and South Koreans have been guilty of atrocities. Colonel Hanley apparently added up a lot of figures of Chinese-North Korean atrocities and put them out, unauthorized, at a critical moment. If we do get an adequate prisoners-of-war exchange and inspection agreement it will be the first time such an understanding will have been obtained from any Iron Curtain country. Nobody should underestimate the problem involved.

It is our guess, however, that truce does lie ahead. It is based on Washington information that China badly wants it. Well, suppose it comes?

Truce in Korea alters the whole psychological basis of the defense program. Technically, it should hardly affect defense spending at all. Technically, this should increase month by month to mid-1953. Technically, Korea is just a sideshow to the main job of putting the Western World on an arms equality with Russia.

Realistically, however, there is no knowing how far an election-conscious Congress will go in cutting back defense expenditures once pressure of outright war in Korea is removed. The stock market already dips at Korean "peace scares." Pell-mell US demobilization followed World Wars I and II; the present Congress aches for an excuse to slash expenditures and forget Europe. Obviously, it won't go all the way now, but it will probably go a lot further than Truman wants if it gets half an excuse.

On the political front a truce in Korea will be the signal for GOP attacks. Any truce will be called "appeasement" (once it is safely agreed to). And Taft is already calling the whole UN intervention a "useless" war and a "Truman war." That looks like the conservative Republican line.

The Eisenhower GOP forces, curiously enough, have a stake in Truman's prestige. If Truman's prestige continues to slip as it has been slipping, Republican conservatives will conclude that "even Taft can beat Truman." They won't feel any need of conciliating independents by nominating Ike, who is liberal on world affairs, or Warren, who is liberal on domestic and world affairs.

Truman has finally dropped Lamar Caudle, the tax-unit head of the Justice Department, the man who never seemed to get around to prosecuting those involved in the scandals now popping out everywhere. The person who should be fired is Attorney General McGrath. The Justice Department used to be a militant organization. Now it is tepid and torpid. It has been a sad thing to see the morale of FDR's Justice Department slowly decline. Party hacks have replaced earnest New Dealers. It has been so in many federal agencies. With the exception of Dean Acheson and a few others, Truman has seemed to prefer second-raters. His appointees on the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Power Commission and the Supreme Court have blocked his own program. Does Truman understand this? The funny thing is that, even

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today, nobody is quite sure whether he does or not.

At every Taft rally these days somebody asks him whether he is "going to support McCarthy." Taft has a gag to extricate himself; he says he'll support any regular Republican: "Why, I'll even support Wayne Morse in Oregon!" This brings a titter, and Taft steps quickly to the next question.

We got to wondering how Morse likes this juxtaposition. So we asked him. Morse said we could quote him:

> I am amused to discover that Taft recognizes that the liberal wing of the Republican Party would be an asset to him if he could get its support. I am satisfied his wish for its support is a true example of wishful thinking.
>
> He must travel for support to the McCarthy reactionary wing of the party, in whose bed he is such a frequent sleeper.

That is applying Freud to politics!

The final issue of the *Congressional Record* carried 18 separate insertions by Joe McCarthy, mostly praising McCarthy. Now he can frank them out postage free in his election campaign. Who writes pieces that McCarthy quotes? Well, there are columnists John O'Donnell, Walter Winchell, Constantine Brown and David Lawrence; there are editorials from the Catholic *Herald Citizen,* the Hearst Press, the extreme right-wing *Freeman* magazine, and among others a number from inconspicuous small-town papers like the Pittston (Pa.) *Sunday Dispatch,* declaring that the "Vultures are after McCarthy."

Notes: Behind the scenes the State Department is worried about Japan's desire for life-giving trade with China: it may make Senate peace-treaty ratification difficult. . . . All the resentment which thrifty editors did not show against the inflationary Capehart Amendment (causing price mark-ups of manufactured goods) has been saved up to pour out on CIO-Steel President Philip Murray when he asks for higher wages. . . . The Iranian crisis is getting worse; the army hasn't been paid for weeks, the civil service, for months; the British seem to think an explosion will clear the air; the US, that it will wreck the Near East.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

to make a dramatic gesture, which would do three things:

1. Secure Britain as a going concern and thereby free Churchill's great imagination for moves in the field of foreign policy.

2. Announce to Russia that we intend to help Britain and strengthen her so that she can withstand the nibbling attacks and infiltration which are designed, as the Russians have so often made plain, to liquidate her as a world power.

3. Give the Arab countries notice that while we do not underwrite all phases of British policy in the Middle East, and while we have all sympathy toward their national aspirations, we will not allow them, in their hatred of Britain, to sacrifice the vital interests of a free world.

Within the framework of the third objective, we can work out accommodations with the Arab countries which will recognize their national interest, reduce hegemonies of foreign powers, and provide the primary benefits of any joint exploitation of their resources must go, not to foreign corporations, not to domestic dynasties or feudal cliques, but to the people themselves.

To me, the moment seems propitious for us to make a gesture in view of the fact that Churchill has just come in and that there may be discussions as to a meeting of the Big Four. It would tremendously strengthen Britain's hand if she entered such a meeting leading from strength rather than weakness. The time has come, it seems to me, for the US to assume a much stronger role in the Middle East and to fill what the New York *Times* calls the "gap of power" between India and Turkey. I do not mean to give encouragement to imperialism, whether British or Egyptian, as in the Egyptian demands for the Sudan. On the contrary, we must move very definitely the other way. But I think we can make it clear to aspiring peoples that first things must come first, and the first thing the Western world wants out of them is the guarantee of its security as far as they are concerned. Concomitantly, we can then work with them to realize their aspirations.

Louisville, Ky. MARK ETHRIDGE

[Further comments on the editorial in the *NR* of November 5 will be published next week. – THE EDITORS.]

The Trenton Two

● Here is a small contribution to the work of the Joint Committee to Free the Trenton Two. The example of anyone acting with such courage and intelligence in the defense of all our rights is indeed encouraging.

Ft. Eustis, Va. LT. MILTON A. MAYS

● . . . This is not the first contribution that I have made. I live in Trenton and have felt from the start that these boys were "railroaded."

I certainly am pleased that the *New Republic* has nerve enough to print the truth regardless of consequences.

Trenton, N. J. FRED A. EVERETT

The *New Republic* acknowledges additional contributions from the following persons for the Trenton Two:

Mrs. Beatrice Safran, Clement Wells, Emmett Swisshelm, and A. Saltzman, of New York City; Warren J. Vibbard, Syracuse, N. Y.; Katharine Frisbie, Jersey City, N. J.; Urbana Spink, Indianapolis, Ind.; Elizabeth P. Bush, Rockford, Ill.; A. B. Jackson, Bremerton, Wash; Carolyn D. Casper, Washington, D. C.; Paul Baker, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Blanche Woolley, Hamilton, O.; Mary A. Howell, Richmond, Va.; V. L. Martin, Tucson, Ariz.; Richard Gibbs, West Los Angeles, Calif.; Sgt. C. E. Prince Jr., San Francisco, Calif.; Alice W. Marshall, Denver, Colo.; Charlotte K. Ormond, Birmingham, Mich.

On Hoover

● In a recent letter (*NR*, Oct. 29), Arthur Kemp takes exception to my comment on ex-President Hoover's criticism of his successor, Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Kemp is very forthright in his defense of Mr. Hoover and I admire him for his loyalty. He says my "implications are without foundation, in fact they are pure smears." Does not Mr. Kemp consider it a "smear" when Mr. Hoover publicly accused President Roosevelt of "selling the freedom of half a billion people down the river?"

President Hoover can claim no credit for the trial and conviction of Sen. Albert Fall, who was exposed by Sen. Thomas J. Walsh and prosecuted while Coolidge was President. It was some time after Fall's conviction that Hoover, belatedly, expressed his disapproval.

I was formerly an admirer of Mr. Hoover and did what I could to ensure his election in 1928. After viewing the misery and suffering of fellow Americans during the depression, with Hoovervilles in swamps and dumps adjacent to our cities, and war veterans gassed and driven from Washington at bayonet point, I (with many other Republicans) was glad to vote for a man with human understanding, a man of action, not one who merely uttered platitudes such as "prosperity is just around the corner."

Portland, Ore. GEORGE H. HORNE

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VOLUME 125, NUMBER 22, ISSUE 1930, WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 26, 1951 **New Republic**

TRUMAN, EISENHOWER OR TAFT?

THE FOUR YEARS after 1952 will be decisive years, challenging in the scope they offer inspired leadership, terrifying in the penalties they hold out for the pretensions of inadequate and misguided men.

In those years we hope to reach a peak of military strength. We must decide for what our strength is then to be used. If all we are working toward is lost, we may face war; if it is gained, we shall face problems as great as war and more obscure.

To undertake and to reach compromise without appeasement in negotiations with Russia and China; to will and to bring about federation for Europe, and closer union for the West; to shift our unparalleled productive power from rearmament to the raising of living standards; to transfer to the UN a greater part of the powers to make war: these tasks belong to the next President; they are among the hardest any President ever faced.

What man will face them? In a letter in this issue, Alvin Johnson argues that one of three men is likely to be the next President—Truman, Eisenhower or Taft. Truman, Mr. Johnson argues, has few qualifications for the Presidency; Eisenhower, many; Taft, none at all. To take this last point first, we heartily agree!

Taft's own appraisal of his qualifications is contained in his newly published book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*. Rightly he states, "Power without foresight leads to disaster." There could be no clearer statement of his own disqualification to hold supreme power. For Taft has shown no foresight at all.

The purpose of foreign policy, Taft rightly maintains, is to preserve American liberty. No one can question now that our liberty was mortally threatened 10 years ago by Hitler. But Taft, as he admits, fought every measure to turn Hitler back. He explains now that his action was based on a strategic assumption concerning Hitler's inability to defeat Russia. The record proves on the contrary that it was based on total blindness to the unity of the world and the threat of Fascism. Even while Hitler was winning Taft blandly stated:

> It is said that the world cannot be one-half democratic and one-half autocratic. Why not? The world has always been one-half democratic and one-half autocratic. The very victories of Hitler will make Fascism more repulsive to the American people.

On Communism, if not Fascism, Taft now maintains that for 10 years he has possessed the foresight which the government lacked. He declares:

> By 1941, anyone who was not bamboozled by Soviet psychological warfare knew that the Soviet Government was a predatory totalitarian tyranny intent on establishing Communist dictatorship throughout the world.

Taft, himself, was a loyal member of the Order of the Bamboozled. Five years after 1941, for example, he praised the instrument of Soviet conquest:

> The Communist army has done more to bring about a German defeat than any other army in the world and for that Russian aid we should be eternally grateful.

Taft now declares, "Once the Russian threat was apparent I was in favor of the Marshall Plan." Evidently the Russian threat was never apparent to Taft. On November 28, 1947, he voted to cut interim aid to Europe from $597 million to $400 million. On March 12, 1948, he voted to cut the ECA's aid from $5.3 billion to $4 billion. On July 26, 1949, he voted to cut the ECA by 10 percent, or $543 million. In May, 1950, he voted to cut the ECA aid, first by $250 million, then by $500 million. Taft, in fact, fought the Marshall Plan all the way, not because it was inefficient or excessive or wasteful, but because to him it was fundamentally wrong. The Marshall Plan, he said on November 26, 1947, was "futile and dangerous regimentation."

Taft voted further against the North Atlantic Pact and the Mutual Assistance Program. His reason, he declares, was that these measures involved risks of all-out war. In Asia, however, Taft demanded action to widen the Korean War. He added:

> If this brings war between the US and the Chinese . . . it would be a much less dangerous war to us, much less fatal to our men and much less expensive in material.

For Taft, the Korean War was "unnecessary," yet should have been widened. On both scores his lack of foresight *and even hindsight* is absolute. For the truth is that Korea may have saved world peace by proving our capacity to carry out a limited war.

Everyone can make mistakes. Late in life, Arthur Vandenberg grew from an isolationist politician to a constructive statesman. Can Taft grow in the same way?

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Foresight is the test by which Taft proposes he be judged. Taft's foresight today can be tested by his attitudes on the central issues of future policy.

The sharing of the burden. This country cannot carry the whole burden of defense against world Communism. Our policy must be to persuade and enable our allies to carry their fair shares. That involves understanding, inspiration and assistance. Taft offers none of these. Nowhere in his *Foreign Policy* does he even mention the decay of Europe, the misery of Asia, the rotten feudalism of the Middle East, the hopes of all peoples for a better life. To him our evolving union with Britain is an "emergency" relationship which should be dispensed with as soon as possible. The task for Taft is not to develop a common front. The US, he still believes, can and should stand alone. He proposes a concentration on air power in the belief that this will enable us to stand alone. The truth, of course, is that since our air force requires bases in every country, it places us still further in a position of relying on the well-being and sympathy of other peoples.

The unification of Europe. Only through unification can Europe shoulder its burden and stand on its own feet. Taft condemns the government for failing to give enough support to a "free and United Europe." His solution is to provide even less support and leadership. He opposes the NATO's commitment of the US "to the policy of a land war in Europe," as if Europe could be defended from the air and sea. He further opposes Europe's own effort to defend itself on land. "I have viewed the European-army project with concern," he states, because "it is likely . . . to threaten the entire economic structure of the US."

The raising of living standards. Only if living standards are raised in Asia and the Near East can these countries shoulder their burden and cease to be weak points that threaten peace. Only US aid can break their vicious cycle of deepening poverty and shrinking capital. Truman has shown great foresight in the Point-Four concept. Taft brushes it aside. He is willing to extend charity "to meet extraordinary droughts or famine or refugee problems or other emergencies." But we should not undertake to raise world living standards because "that is utterly beyond our capacity." Raising living standards, Taft adds, is beside the point since "Communism is stronger today in France and Italy than in India."

Reducing the Communist potential. If we can reduce the potential of Communism, we can lighten our defense burden. Obviously one way is social reform, but not for Taft! Social reform means Socialism! He adds:

> Our labor leaders cannot effectively fight Communism because they favor a Socialist control that comes very close to Communism in the actual measures which are to be undertaken.

Strengthening the United Nations. Collective security is our main hope for peace. And with nations such as Yugoslavia and Indonesia which cannot be included in our regional pacts, the UN provides the one means of establishing collective security to halt aggression.

Taft is for collective security, but not under the UN. Taft argued last February that we "must develop our military policy and our own alliances without regard to the non-existent power of the United Nations to prevent aggression."

This certainly will come as news to Stalin, as will Taft's revelation of October 28, 1951, that in Korea:

> We have demonstrated that the United Nations is an utter failure as a means of preventing aggression. So we can never rely on it again.

What, then, is Taft's own program? The New York *Herald Tribune* sums it up as barren hindsight, and:

> A me-too offer to do the same, only to do it on the cheap, reluctantly, timidly and under such hedging as to ensure that the doing would be of minimum effect.

Taft is no longer an isolationist. Like a whale harpooned by a whaler he has been dragged resisting to the side of the US ship as it sails toward One World. But by his own declaration foresight and not resistance is the price of peace from now on.

A lack of foresight in itself is not fatal among Presidents. Presidents like Truman who concede their incapacity are partially protected from it, by the expertness of the diplomatic service and the common sense of the people. But stubborn men like Taft, who impose their mistaken judgments on the diplomatic service and the nation, destroy their own, and the nation's, protection. For this reason, Taft, brilliant and stubborn as he is, would be a far more dangerous President than a second-rate opportunist like Harold Stassen.

If we could be sure that Taft would be soundly beaten we would see some benefit in his nomination. Unfortunately Truman's failings on domestic issues such as corruption may obscure the international issues, and Taft's fatal faults. Taft's choice of Sen. Everett Dirksen as his Mid-West manager confirms his isolationism and isolationism in America threatens peace. The ascension of true internationalism in the Republican Party is an event perhaps as important as liberalism in the Democratic Party. Both, we believe, would be advanced by Eisenhower's nomination by the Republican Party.

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THE WEEK

REACTION ON THE ROAD

The country's more voluble experts on real estate and Far Eastern affairs seemed to have their stands switched this past week. In Cincinnati, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, listening to a disgruntled Northwestern University professor tell how Truman "murdered our sons in Korea," was called on to change the men in charge of our foreign policy. And out in Seattle, blustering Sen. Harry Cain (R, Wash.), who often acts as though he were NAREB's most persistent lobbyist, was being eulogized by no less eminent a constructor of policies than Douglas MacArthur, who told Cain's constituents that "his fearlessness, courage and Americanism have reached a niche for him hard to realize unless you are in the halls of the US Senate."

There was acute planning behind the apparent confusion in the reactionary lecture circuit. Cain, unsure of re-election in 1952, had talked Seattle officials into inviting MacArthur to speak at the city's non-partisan Centennial Celebration. The General was in fine fettle. His declination earlier in the week of top spot on the Prohibition Party ticket in 1952 didn't prove a thing. He told veterans from Korea, disembarking at Seattle, that only the Administration was to blame if we were losing the war. He warned of the decline of the Northwest if the US looked too much to Europe. He slapped Harry Cain's back. Leading Democrats, including Rep. Hugh Mitchell, boycotted the meetings in protest.

Back in Cincinnati, the real-estate men did not warm up much to the Administration's lifting of price ceilings on houses. Instead they listened to Kenneth Colegrove demand that the US "assist the Formosa army to land on the continent of Asia," that we quit the UN unless it throws Russia out and "curtails foreign aid to the bare necessities." A newcomer to the foreign-policy lecture circuit, Colegrove recently won national notoriety when he denounced a number of his more prominent academic colleagues to the McCarran committee.

Colegrove was not the only speaker to the jolly realtors. Another Republican unsure of the voters' decision in '52 was around to garner support. He was Ohio's John Bricker. With physicians already being lined up in support of the Taft campaign, it was Bricker's job to remind the realtors of their identity of interest with the Ohio Senators. Like Taft, he took a flyer into international politics. Specifically singled out for criticism was the innocuous UN Covenant on Human Rights which, according to Bricker, is "a threat to the private building industry." He said the covenant's guarantee of adequate housing "incorporates the fundamental principles of Marxian socialism."

NO TEARS FOR EGYPT

Of all the nationalist movements that have threatened the status quo from Indonesia to the Gold Coast in recent years, none has aroused less world sympathy than that of the Egyptians. Outside the Near East, almost the only pro-Egyptian voices one hears are those of the British-hating Chicago *Tribune* and the network centered about Radio Moscow. The lack of opposition to the State Department's undisguised anti-Egyptian attitude is amazing when one considers this country's traditional disposition to favor a rebellious underdog. Cynics point out how few Egyptian-Americans hold the balance of power in politically crucial states. But that's only a small part of the explanation.

For one thing the Egyptians' unilateral treaty abrogation has offended many Americans who tend to think "legalistically" in international affairs. For another, the Egyptians have no tangible form of natural wealth whose full benefit they are being denied by the imperialists. But perhaps most importantly, American public opinion seems to realize that the Egyptians are out to grab what they can, even to the extent of challenging our own influence over the backward areas of the Near-East.

The Egyptians have now been stopped dead in their tracks. But so have we. Our projected Middle East command is an alliance without partners. Its only sponsor near the area is Turkey which, regardless of its rise in political stature in recent years, would be militarily hard put to defend any more than its own frontiers. The highly desirable cooperation of Iran is being blocked by the British determination to "break" Mossadegh. The British argue that the old-style oligarchs would make more dependable allies.

The State Department has belatedly found faith in Mossadegh's ability to rally the people toward the West. It is on the right track, for the Iranians must, at all costs, be prevented from making common cause with Egypt. Between them, the two countries might throw the whole Moslem world into a mood of stubborn neutralism. A settlement with Iran, on the other hand, would pave the way for bringing countries like Iraq and Jordan into the alliance, which would go a long way toward bridging that big gap east of Egypt.

TEN GRAND FOR JOE

Unlike many defeated legislators who fade out of the public scene into well-paid anonymity, staunch ex-Sen. Millard Tydings has stayed in the ring to expose the demagogue who brought about his defeat in the 1950 Maryland elections. Several weeks ago Tydings publicly offered Joe McCarthy $5,000 if he would appear before a grand jury in support of his allegations that "card-carrying Communists" infest the State Department. McCarthy didn't take up the dare, just as he had refused a similar proposal made by Sen. William Benton (D, Conn.).

Now Tydings has doubled the ante. Saying that he had concluded that $5,000 was too little, Tydings wrote McCarthy:

I realize that you are a $10,000 man.

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I recall that this was the fee you received from the Lustron Corporation . . . for allegedly writing a 37-page pamphlet for them. I, therefore, felt if you would do this much for Lustron, you would certainly clean out the Communists in the State Department if I would match their ante.

Tydings also took occasion to goad McCarthy for lying about the "10 pounds of shrapnel in my leg" which McCarthy has given as a reason for wearing built-up shoes. Defense Department records show that McCarthy was never wounded in his capacity as "squadron intelligence officer" and that his claim in the 1946 *Congressional Directory* that he enlisted as a Marine private was false. McCarthy entered the service with the commission of a lieutenant, and was never credited with any combat missions.

FAIR VOTE IN MANILA

The most significant aspect of the defeat handed Elpidio Quirino's government in the Philippine senatorial elections is that the margin of victory of José Laurel's Nationalists is acknowledged by the electoral officials. The Nationalists have won all of the nine contested seats, and Manila admits it. This is in sharp contrast to the corrupt and strong-arm methods used by the government to keep itself in power in the 1949 presidential campaign. Apparently reform sentiments, fanned by a number of non-partisan Philippine political groups, together with the pressure applied by the United States since the publication in the Bell Report, have had a good effect.

The background that makes Laurel notorious to most Americans—his war-time collaboration with the Japanese—had no significance in the elections. The Nationalists, of which the Liberals are a postwar offshoot, campaigned mainly against the government's inefficiency and corruption. Actually there is little difference between the parties. The new Nationalist senators may find themselves closer to the government than some members of dissident Liberal factions. Even with fair elections, the two-party system has a long way to go in our former colony.

IS THE SOUTH SOLID?

At the recent conference of Southern Governors in Hot Springs, Ark., those who had intended to aim their Confederate rifles at Truman were stopped short of seeing the "whites of his eyes" by the loyal Democrats. While a majority of the Governors were outspokenly anti-Truman, they were not unanimously agreed on a White House successor, and they came to the conference unprepared for the aggressive pro-Truman spirit of their host, Gov. Sidney McMath of Arkansas, staunch Fair Dealer W. Kerr Scott of North Carolina, and the Democratic Party's most unwavering Southerner, Speaker Sam Rayburn.

However, some reporters who attended the Conference have perhaps underestimated the power of the big guns in the Southern revolt—Gov. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Sens. Richard B. Russell and Walter F. George of Georgia—who helped capture Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Alabama from the Truman Democrats in the last national election. Although President Truman won without the solid South (or, in fact, New York) in 1948, political strategists remember that the election missed being thrown into the House of Representatives by only a small margin of popular votes in two or three close states, notably Ohio, California, and Illinois.

It was Sen. James O. Eastland (D, Miss.) who first advocated the 1948 plan to cast all or most of the 156 Southern electoral votes for a Dixiecrat candidate, in order that neither the Republican nor the national Democratic Party nominee would receive a clear majority. The election in that case would go to the House with a good chance for a Dixiecrat victory because, as he put it then, "Northern Democrats would still prefer a Southern Democrat to a Republican, and Republicans would prefer a Southern Democrat to a Northern one."

The Hot Springs sessions found the die-hard Southerners reluctant to bolt the Party next year, except as a last resort. Their chief hope to split the South in 1952 is that the name of General Eisenhower would have magic popularity on the Republican ticket. Should he refuse to run, they will pool their resources to force the Democratic Party to select an acceptable Southerner as the Presidential or Vice-Presidential nominee. They are, without question, opposed to Truman for any job other than former President of the United States. They are little more enthusiastic about the prospect of Sen. Robert A. Taft's name on the Republican ticket.

Speaker Rayburn's "party loyalty" speech to the principal dinner opened the rift between the two-toned Democrats even wider. The States Righters were painfully reminded by Rayburn that the last Republican Administration brought depression and chaos, that a Southern revolt would only elect a Republican President and that "every Southern man who holds a responsible place in Congress will lose his position." He declared that his state of Texas would never go Republican again "as long as the people can remember the Hoover days." Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin of Maryland (the only Republican Governor present at the session) walked out.

When Gov. Byrnes called on the Dixiecrats to drop their Party label, he was challenged by newspaper editor Jonathan Daniels, who remarked that for 40 years Byrnes found the Democratic Party good enough "to accept its highest positions in government."

Clearly, the Byrd - Byrnes - Russell - George Southerners were on the defensive throughout the meeting. But they were obviously holding their supply of ammunition for a more strategic moment. They can be certain of the unqualified support of Governors William Tuck of Virginia, Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, and Fielding Wright of Mississippi, who, as Byrd tipped off, are keeping themselves "free to take whatever effective action may be necessary."

JEAN BEGEMAN

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Outside America

THE NEW PEACE PROPOSALS

The general effect on Western European public opinion of the Three-Power proposals was good. Most of the non-Communist commentators said of the speeches of President Truman and Secretary Acheson that it was high time the Americans took some sort of dramatic initiative in the propaganda war, and on a gambit that stressed hope for peace rather than fear of war.

Of the plan itself, the London *Times* said it was "admirable"; the Paris *Figaro*, "constructive"; the *Monde*, "reasonable." The vaguely neutralist *Combat* thought it a test of Soviet good will that deserved an answer, and the ardently anti-Stalinist neo-Left *Franc-Tireur* found it "truly revolutionary." Charles Ronsac wrote: "After two appeals as urgent as the statements of President Auriol and President Truman, it is really up to Stalin to play—with arms on the table."

When Marshal Stalin, in fact, refused to play—through the so-called counter-proposals of Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky—pretty much the whole non-Communist press thought even better of the Three-Power plan, considered by common consent over here to be Truman's. Of the Vishinsky speech, especially the part about his laughing so hard at the disarmament plan that he could not sleep, the *Figaro* "deplored the vulgarity of language of the diatribe and found it both grotesque and tragic." The *Franc-Tireur* said: "The gravity of the situation made one feel like crying." But the Gaullist *Aurore* found that the Soviet Foreign Minister's "music-hall act" had left the public midway between laughter and drowsiness.

The official Communist *Humanité* devoted one single brief paragraph to the whole of the Acheson speech but—even more surprising—it also refrained from giving bold headlines to the Vishinsky speech. Instead, it played up the most recent news of the domestic economic front—the inflation front: an increase in the price of pork by 15 to 17 percent, and a boost in the circulation of paper money to the astronomical figure of 1.828 million francs.

The fact is that while the welcome given to the Western Powers' disarmament proposals was generally good, it was modified by the economic situation of the Western European peoples most concerned. They might have been more interested if the plan had not been announced at a time when they were deeply beset by domestic bread-and-butter cares.

The British had just learned from their new Chancellor of the Exchequer of the details of the new and worse phase of austerity in store for them. The French were seeing Gaullists join forces with Communists in the National Assembly against their Premier, forcing him to give precedence in debate to the rising cost of living instead of foreign affairs. The Italians were noting that their Christian Democratic Government was borrowing from the old "corporative-state" arsenal a weapon against popular discontent with economic conditions: it had approved an anti-strike law which (if adopted by Parliament) will cut the ground from under any effective labor-union organization or action—anti-Communist as well as Communist.

All of these worries were related to disarmament to the extent that disarmament relates to the rearmament program. But the good reception given to the Western proposals did not hide the fairly widespread disappointment that the rearmament program was not to be "re-examined" first. For many weeks such a re-examination had been rumored. Part of this "re-examination" was conditioned (according to the stories which had been widely circulated and apparently undenied in very high quarters in Paris and London) on the sort of "last time" effort to talk things over on the "Stalin level" to which Winston Churchill referred once more during the British election campaign, at which M. Auriol hinted in welcoming the General Assembly delegates. In so far as the disarmament proposal seemed to rule out such an attempt, or at least to postpone it indefinitely, it fell short of causing enthusiasm among those who (in the French phrase) want a "dialogue" between West and East.

Moreover, a number of the most important and respectably anti-Communist newspapers of Western Europe expressed the view that the Three-Power proposals, while excellent in principle and form, had the serious defect of reversing the proper order of procedure toward any form of "dialogue" with the East. They tended to put the symptom before the disease; and in taking up disarmament, failed to touch the basic problems which make rearmament necessary and inevitable.

The London *Times* asserted that any effective action toward disarmament "is wholly dependent on a surrender of the Russian position in matters of principle and detail." What is needed, many newspapers agree, is some approach toward the practical problems underlying the whole Cold War—China, Germany, and above all, Korea. On Korea, the *Times* favored taking the risk of an immediate cease-fire.

There are also the European cynics—not necessarily either Communist or neutralist—who think the disarmament plan is the first thrust, perhaps even the feint, of a two-part psychological maneuver. In its failure, which is inevitable, it is to serve (the cynics say) to prepare Western European public opinion to accept what is thought to be General Eisenhower's version of the "Re-examination" of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's rearmament policy. He wants, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, "action as if war were inevitable in 1952."

That would mean subordinating the theoretical (and apparently unrealizable) goal of 60 divisions in 1954 to the practical goal of 20 to 32 divisions in 1952. The process to that end would mean strong (and bitter) wine on the Western European economic table. But if in 1952, the General could point to a European army "in being," he might be able to go home to campaign.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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COLLIER'S WAR OF THE FUTURE

The Chapter the Editors Forgot

by Richard Strout

IT SEEMS CURIOUS that *Collier's* magazine, which devoted the whole of its spectacular October 27 issue to looking back retrospectively from the year 1960 at the events leading up to World War III and to Russia's subsequent defeat and occupation, should have neglected the incredible and shocking story of Soviet duplicity which precipitated the war. I know that in a summary so vast and so profusely illustrated with cheerful little pictures like that of the incandescent atomic bomb falling on Red Square in Moscow, certain details must be left out. But since I was also present in Washington in the critical months of January, February and March, 1952, when the incident which led up to the war described by *Collier's* took place, I am able to put down those nightmarish days with some confidence.

I should pay tribute to my fellow historians in *Collier's*, and to that magazine's enterprise in going to meet the war half way. Here is Bob Sherwood who has taken time off from writing plays to remind us of the "terrible Kremlin miscalculation" that led to the holocaust of May 10, 1952, and to the eventual crushing of Moscow. Here is the brilliant Edward R. Murrow, giving his talents to a description of how the A-bomb blew Moscow to bits. Here are Hanson Baldwin, Allan Nevins, Stuart Chase, Walter Reuther, J. B. Priestly and other notables. Lowell Thomas describes that romantic incident, stranger than fiction, of the parachute jump into the Urals, and here is Walter Winchell, broadcasting to "Mr. and Mrs. Russia" from the ruins of Moscow in 1960, as if devastation and defeat were not enough punishment.

Here also is Associated Press columnist Hal Boyle, raising our anticipatory lust for revenge by describing how bombs reduced our Capital of Washington to ashes. And here I am able to add a footnote to history by recording the little-known fact that at the moment the bombs destroyed the capital, a Senator from Wisconsin, well-known at the time, but whose name escapes me now, was on page 56 of a 73-page speech, proving from information gathered from his own spies in Europe that warnings of war were all an "Acheson plot" to win the election. No part of the Senator was recovered, but since his eloquence had emptied the exposed chamber of all but two, he undoubtedly saved the lives of scores by his effort. It is with understandable emotion that colleagues raised the familiar monument to him, "Savior of the Senate," in pink marble.

The editors of *Collier's* have neglected the chapter which I am about to recount because, strictly speaking, it was not a part of the fighting war at all but came a few months before it. Yet, as I look back after 10 years, it occurs to me that it was one of the most provocative acts ever committed by one rival nation against another in the midst of an atomic armaments race, and that it certainly played no small part in rousing the national mood for full retaliation once the fatal spark was struck.

Let me recall briefly the circumstances that transpired after Christmas in that by-gone year of 1951, when the 82nd Congress returned to Washington for its second session, little realizing the doom that lay ahead.

After long and protracted negotiations the truce talks in Korea were still going forward. There had been preliminary quavers in the stock market at the danger of a "peace scare," but there were always new threats from Moscow that reassured speculators and investors that the great government-produced boom was bound to continue for months or years to come.

But, as readers will recall, Winston Churchill had just been returned to the premiership of Britain. In December he came to America, meeting the President at Key West. He was committed, of course, to a Big Three meeting with Stalin. And I can still recall the thrill that went round the globe on January 7, 1952, when Truman and Churchill together announced that Josef Stalin had not merely agreed to meet the "Big Three" but was actually coming to Woods Hole to do so.

The eighth of January, 1952, fell on a Tuesday. The news of the Stalin visit came at 45 minutes after 3 P.M. E.S.T. the day before, too late to catch the stock market.

Congress met to hear the first of Mr. Truman's three State of the Union messages. The President was able to incorporate a late addition into his address announcing the forthcoming visit and warning against over-confidence.

Republicans, of course, had advance copies of the original Truman message and were ready to hold up needed funds for the Voice of America and foreign aid on the grounds that they were socialistic. This argument

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was hastily scrapped, however, and instead Sen. Robert A. Taft substituted the famous "Republican Round Robin," pledging the party to hold up all funds for the Voice of America and overseas aid until the outcome of the Woods Hole parley was known.

At this time the nation's gross national output had reached $285 billion and was rising steadily. Due to action of the previous session of Congress in hamstringing price controls, the movement of living costs had resumed its upward spiral. Administration efforts to hold down installment buying and consumer credit had been weakened in Congress, and there was now the enormous figure of $20 billion of credit outstanding. Since the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, 18 months before, retail living costs had advanced eight percent. Convinced by the action of Congress that no serious effort was likely to be made to balance the budget or hold back inflation, the stock market had reacted buoyantly in the late days of December.

Now came the news of the Woods Hole conference. The statement emanating from Moscow was singularly mild. There was only one reference to "capitalistic warmongers." Great emphasis was placed instead on what Stalin told Roy Howard in 1936. There was actually a polite phrase for Mr. Truman himself. And reasonable terms were hinted at for a Korean truce.

The stock market opened hesitantly. US Steel actually advanced an eighth of a point. But then came the deluge. Selling came in waves and lasted throughout the day. At one moment the market was seven minutes behind. And Black Tuesday was only the start.

Those Bolsheviks! Eight years later we know from documents miraculously saved from Ed Murrow's destruction of the Kremlin that the Moscow peace plot was no sudden improvisation. Why the Russians had not hit on the device before is still a matter of wonder among thinking people. It shows that dictators, caught in the web of their own propaganda, are incapable of seeing what lies just in front of their noses—in this case the weakest point in their adversary's position.

Hitherto every reluctant step by Congress had been caused by some act of Communist belligerency. It was so in the Truman decision to aid Greece and Turkey. It was so in the formation of the North Atlantic Pact. The very rearming of the US came only after Communist forces had invaded Korea.

In no single case would Congress have gone along with President Truman if it had not been goaded by Russia itself. Mr. Truman's opponents were legion, but they were undercut by the Communists themselves. Their eagerness to throw off international leadership was instantly evident. America was prepared for just about everything from Russia except agreement.

And that was what the wily Stalin plotted! The scenes at the little airport at Hyannis as Stalin stepped out of his great military transport plane and obediently acceded to imperious American news photographers to "Smile!" "Stop smiling!" "A big grin, Joe." "Put your hand around Vishinsky's neck!" Smile again!" are quite indescribable. Every new, amiable gesture, relayed by television to bankers huddled around their vaults, caused the stock tickers to dive farther. When, at last, Stalin stepped before the television cameras and proposed a toast "to international amity" in a glass tumbler (it was really water, but for stage purposes the technicians called it "vodka") the stock market had to be closed down. Financial Wall Street was saved only by the bell.

As we know, the Woods Hole preliminaries were inconclusive but superficially hopeful. The reaction in Congress was immediate. The last tax increase of $5 billion was quickly rescinded and the depletion allowance on coal, copper, petroleum and other minerals doubled through a shrewd maneuver of the oil lobby in affixing a rider to the measure. The conservative coalition, seeing a Presidential issue materialize as it watched, ordered all defense contracts, not already awarded, "frozen" under the Taft-Byrd resolution. Work was halted at several munitions factories even though new models had already been approved. Within two weeks 46,000 machinists were thrown out of work in the Detroit area, and the new induction call was shelved.

Now a still more dangerous development appeared. Which started the price-cutting war, Wanamaker's or Gimbel's, is difficult to say. But retail prices began to sag while the great mass of consumers stayed away in anticipation of still further declines. In no time at all desperate shop-keepers were offering sales; it became possible for a housewife to march to the counter and look a butcher in the eye, and plumbers actually appeared at the hour designated Obviously this could not go on.

Like the larger story related in *Collier's* magazine, this preliminary episode in World War III had a happy ending. In another month the Russians would have smiled America into bankruptcy. Already curtailments in the Mutual Security Program caused violent anti-American sentiments among erstwhile allies. In the nick of time the smiles on the Soviet faces tightened and disappeared. Why the Russians altered their course will always be a mystery because of Ed Murrow's over-precipitate destruction of the Moscow archives. Some think that Stalin was threatened by a palace revolution while he looked out at the gray, wintry beauty of Cape Cod; others think that the whole episode was a diabolical

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maneuver to destroy capitalism that simply ended too soon. In any case, Stalin suddenly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, withdrew from the conference table, tried to kick an Associated Press photographer who asked him to "Smile!," boarded his plane and soared away. Two days later *Pravda* denounced *Life* magazine, the *New Republic* and the London *New Statesman & Nation* as "capitalistic war mongers," and Moscow started a new blockade of Berlin.

From then on, as everyone knows, events resumed their happy course. Work was recommenced on the atom bomb. The cancelled munitions contracts were restored, and in no time at all the almost unbelievable recuperative power of modern industry had exerted itself. The pre-"peace scare" boom was resumed, a boom that was giving the nation guns and butter, too, on an ever-ascending inflationary spiral. *Collier's* magazine brilliantly picks up the story as of May, 1952. But this came a few months later. Anger at the trick played upon the nation had sowed its seed. When the die was finally cast, the nation was all the more united because of the ordeal through which it had just passed.

I think *Collier's* is to be congratulated for its work back in 1952. It vividly painted the happy vision of a war of "liberation" and assembled some of the ablest commentators to present it. Such a vision of a clean, sharp victory and instant reconstruction of a reformed opponent on the side of freedom were goals held before Americans' eyes in World Wars I and II. Unfortunately, they didn't work before, but this time they had *Collier's* to show them how. Such cynics as George Kennan (a one-time consultant of the State Department), in a little-heeded book, *American Diplomacy 1900-1950* published in 1951, warned against this thesis as the most dangerous fallacy of the age. "There is no more dangerous delusion," he wrote, "none that has done us a greater disservice in the past or that threatens to do us a greater disservice in the future, than the concept of total victory."

But these writers in *Collier's*, with the advantage of Walter Winchell and retrospect on their side, were able to prove what folly Mr. Kennan uttered. It is true, as their account recalls, that it took four years to defeat Russia, but after that the task of liberating her masses and teaching them freedom and democracy was done in a twinkling. The moral guilt of starting the war was plainly on the Russian side, and you can see from reading *Collier's* that perhaps it wasn't such a bad thing after all.

THE TAX THIEVES OF 1951

III. The Finnegan Story

by James Kearns

WHEN JAMES P. FINNEGAN took office April 1, 1944, as United States Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Louis, he had many friends and few, if any, enemies. His portly figure and round, smiling face were a constant portrayal of cheerfulness.

Finnegan, the "Genial Jim," was a typical politician. Never accused of being brilliant, he realized many years ago that a warm personality and ready handshake could be used as well as brains in getting ahead. He became a police court judge and later was elected prosecuting attorney in St. Louis.

When Finnegan was named Collector by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, most of his friends thought "Jimmy" would be satisfied with the political prestige which included having his picture taken with Roosevelt's successor when his friend Harry Truman visited St. Louis—and the local political influence that went with his job. None of his associates imagined that seven years after he took the oath of office the 50-year-old Finnegan would become a central figure in a scandal that rocked the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Democratic organization from coast to coast. From any aspect, "Jimmy" just hadn't seemed to be "big time."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and its ace reporter, Theodore C. Link, had been receiving reports concerning Finnegan, and some investigations pointed toward him, but it remained for Rex Jacobs to bring Finnegan's name into the limelight nationally. Testifying before the Fulbright Committee of the Senate last March 2, Jacobs, head of a Detroit firm that manufactures automobile parts, said Finnegan was a partner with him in an unsuccessful effort to lease a government nickel plant in Cuba. This was strange, since the St. Louisan was still Collector of Revenue, and he obviously was not a man with the wealth and capital expected of a partner in a venture involving several million dollars. Furthermore, Jacobs said Finnegan was introduced to him by E. Merl Young, a Washington influence peddler. Ten days after this revelation, the *Post-Dispatch* disclosed that there had been a secret investigation of Finnegan's office by the Treasury Department's Revenue Bureau.

In the meantime, Robert L. Sharp, a retired Intelligence Unit agent in the Bureau, had gone to US District

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Judge George H. Moore in St. Louis with a complaint. Sharp was indignant because some of the tax cases he had handled had not been prosecuted, and to the former agent, it looked as though the "fix" was on.

Judge Moore called Attorney General J. Howard McGrath in Washington and discussed a tax inquiry by the federal grand jury in St. Louis. McGrath suggested, instead, that the judge let matters go through "regular channels" in the department. Moore wouldn't stand for that. He told McGrath:

There is a lot of smoke here, and it is a thing that can't be smothered up. This is the worst district in the United States to have anything break out because this is the President's home state, and this is the home city of Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder. A major operation is called for. There ought to be surgery to the bone.

The grand-jury investigation got under way, after Moore said he would start it with or without McGrath's consent. Shortly afterward, Finnegan confidently predicted that the inquiry would not touch his office since "we're in the business of collecting taxes, and we have done a damn good job of it."

It looked as though he were right, because the grand jury, in a partial report prepared with the help of an attorney from McGrath's office, declared it was unable to uncover evidence of tax irregularities. Judge Moore described the report as unsatisfactory, perhaps, he added —in an obvious crack at the Justice Department—because of lack of "sympathetic support and guidance which you should have received from some quarters but failed to get." In sending the jury back for further deliberation, he charged: "Don't let anyone, whatever his interest, thwart the effort to have a searching investigation as directed by this court."

Finnegan's star was setting. Last April 4, he announced that he would resign, effective in 10 days, to devote full time to a law office he had opened in St. Louis a year earlier.

About two weeks before the Collector announced his resignation, it was later learned, Secretary of the Treasury Snyder telephoned Judge Moore and promised to take action to correct irregularities in Finnegan's office. Shortly thereafter, Commissioner of Internal Revenue George J. Schoeneman telephoned the judge with the promise Finnegan would resign. As Finnegan went off to Florida for a vacation, the grand jury again took up its tax inquiry. Except for a blast by Sen. John J. Williams (R, Del.) to the effect that the Treasury and Justice Departments were withholding damaging evidence against Finnegan, there was a lull that proved to be the one before the storm.

The storm was a series of disclosures about RFC dealings that centered around Finnegan, Democratic National Chairman William O. Boyle and the American Lithofold Corporation of St. Louis. Lithofold, printers of special office forms, tried to get an RFC loan three times, but on each occasion it was turned down. When three Lithofold men called on Boyle, who was then on Lithofold's payroll, Boyle made a telephone call to Harley Hise, RFC chairman. The loan was soon granted.

The story of the part played by Finnegan in the Lithofold-RFC manipulations was told in detail at Congressional committee hearings.

Finnegan, employed by the St. Louis firm at $1,000 a month (while he still held the Collector's job), was responsible for getting Cecil A. Green, former Kansas City saloonkeeper, on Lithofold's payroll as Washington "greeter." Green was directly responsible for getting Boyle on the payroll.

That was in early 1949. How could Finnegan, employed by Lithofold since late 1948, collect $45,000 from the company and still earn his salary as Collector of Internal Revenue? The Senators wanted an answer. Finnegan had it:

When I was sworn in as Collector as successor to Robert E. Hannegan [a St. Louisan who was later chairman of the Democratic National Committee and then Postmaster General], I was told I could give as little or as much time to the job as I wanted. Hannegan told me I could continue with my law practice.

Later, before a House committee, Finnegan said he became Collector at the suggestion of Hannegan, now dead. One of the Missouri Senators who approved Finnegan's appointment in 1944 was Harry S. Truman.

The portly witness readily acknowledged that he averaged spending only two to four hours a day on his $10,500 job. There were days, he admitted, when he merely checked in by telephone. Besides the $45,000 from Lithofold and his government pay, Finnegan had a substantial income from his outside law practice. His gross receipts from his law practice were $36,700 in 1947; $30,800 in 1948; and $37,400 in 1949. When he revealed he had spent $8,000 to $9,000 in Lithofold's behalf for entertaining public officials, the Senators wanted to know how the money was spent. He replied:

Oh, political parties, entertainment and things like that. Once I entertained the Governor of Missouri, and I found out later I couldn't do it—the Internal Revenue Bureau disallowed it as a tax deduction.

Turning to one of the Senators, he said: "I could take you out on a party at the Shoreham [the Washington hotel where Finnegan engaged suites on his frequent visits to the capital while Collector], and I could

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spend $800 so fast you wouldn't know it was gone."

Finnegan didn't always go to the Shoreham, however.

The *Post-Dispatch* disclosed that he, Merl Young and Rex Jacobs met June 18, 1950, in Washington's Mayflower Hotel to discuss plans to acquire the government-owned Nicaro nickel plant in Cuba. Boyle, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was in another room in the hotel, and he and Finnegan consulted frequently by telephone, but the deal eventually fell through.

On the home front in St. Louis, it appears, Finnegan also was a busy man during the substantial periods he was not in his office at the Federal Building. John Martin Brodsky, a St. Louis insurance broker, told Internal Revenue agents he obtained the names of prospective insurance clients from Finnegan and that these prospects were in tax difficulties. Later, however, Brodsky denied making the statement.

The federal grand jury which indicted Finnegan on five counts—three for misconduct in office and two for accepting bribes to influence his decision as Collector—heard witnesses on the Brodsky matter but returned no charges. It had other material to work with, however.

It found that Finnegan, while Collector, received $5,000 for representing the Warwick Hotel Company of St. Louis in its claim against the government for damages to the hotel when it was taken over and occupied by the Coast Guard from 1943 to 1946. The hotel operators received a substantial settlement. The grand jury said Finnegan, through his influence and position as Collector, obtained information for the Warwick Hotel Company concerning this claim.

Another count dealt with the Lithofold Corporation. Finnegan, it was charged, received $3,000 from Lithofold for acting in its behalf to obtain the RFC loan while he was an officer of the federal government. A third count, based on the allegation that the St. Louisan tried to play both sides of the fence—being with the government and against it—relates to Finnegan's activities in the interest of the Karol Garment Company, a local firm, which was seeking an RFC loan and also was in controversy with the government over the collection and payment of withholding and social-security taxes. Finnegan allegedly had a $641 furniture bill paid by Karol Kell Company for representing it in the RFC application and for instructing employees in his office to go easy in collecting the taxes in dispute. The St. Louisan was charged with receiving two checks, each for $250, to influence his decision on taxes claimed by the government from the garment firm. Finnegan claimed that he received money from Karol Kell, not in connection with its government dealings, but for other legal advice.

Jim Finnegan was a close friend of Harry Truman and of almost all the other Missourians who have risen to top political jobs in Washington in the last decade, but the report is that he is on his own now. For a time, it seems, politics almost saved Finnegan. Judge Moore disclosed recently that the Justice Department interfered in two instances with the grand-jury inquiry. Attorney General McGrath at first described the judge's disclosures as "damnable and contemptible lies," but he later apologized publicly, and to Moore personally, for his statement. Secretary Snyder now says he asked Finnegan to quit eight months before he did, but Finnegan contends he was asked three times by the White House to stay on.

At arraignment recently on the indictment, Finnegan pleaded not guilty. No one can say whether he will be found innocent or guilty but one thing is sure: The happy smile seldom is seen these days on the round face of Jim Finnegan.

(This is the third in a series of articles on the current tax scandals. The next will deal with the corruption of the tax system in New York.)

CHESTER BOWLES IN INDIA

by Krishnalal Shridharani

CHESTER BOWLES, President Truman's new ambassador to India, has started with the best foot forward. The news from New Delhi that he has made a good beginning should allay some of the fears expressed in Washington over his appointment.

Like Mrs. Pandit, Mr. Bowles, at his first press conference, emphasized the points of agreement between India and America instead of wailing about the murky background of recent Indo-American relations. Unlike Mrs. Pandit, however, he received a good press. Mrs. Pandit's statement met with stony silence in New York. Mr. Bowles's press conference in New Delhi hit the headlines in practically every outstanding paper.

For instance, Calcutta's powerful *Amrita Bazar Patrika* described Bowles to be "intent on opening a new and happy chapter in Indo-American relations." The *Hindustan Times*, edited by Mahatma Gandhi's son and published from New Delhi, paid high tribute to Mr. Bowles's frankness and editorialized: "Mr. Bowles's

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reminder that the understanding and friendship between the United States and India do not always require perfect agreement," should serve to remove any lingering irritation on this score. The *Statesman*, published in Calcutta and in the Indian capital, editorially drew attention to the happy departure that Bowles made from the usual tendency of most Americans toward "expounding their own country's views than to appreciating India's." Indeed Bowles impressed the assembled journalists with his eagerness to grant the difference of approach that is bound to obtain between India and America with their varying backgrounds and histories. The *National Standard*, usually critical, described Bowles as "refreshing." Even Mr. K. P. S. Menon (who may be a likely successor to Mrs. Pandit in Washington), the current Foreign Secretary, gave a complimentary reference to Bowles's appointment.

First impressions are half the battle. I would like to list some of the reasons why the blasé Indian journalists emerged sympathetic from their first encounter with Mr. Bowles. The outstanding thing about him is that he is not a career diplomat. I know that some of the people in Washington felt that a career diplomat was required in Delhi because India was a hard case. The experience here is that a man from American public life breaks down the Delhi barriers much more easily. Mr. Bowles is informal, and he has none of the reserve and inhibitions of a career diplomat. Obviously, he is very shrewd, and yet he conveys the impression that he is sincere in all he says. He is lucid and fluent, and Indian journalists find him clear-headed. What is more appealing to Delhi-ites, he speaks like an Indian politician, almost like Prime Minister Nehru, touching on all subjects, sometimes thinking aloud, often getting engrossed in philosophy and history. This mannerism might land him in hot water, but for the time being it has made a great hit with Indian journalists.

His Rotarian lack of ceremony and formality have already started a legend in Delhi. It should be remembered that India's contact with the Western World has mainly been through the British. The British have been aloof, cold and stiff. Although they have shown a great psychological resilience since Independence, by accepting Indians as equals, their former coolness persists, and sometimes it is mistaken as snobbery. On the other hand, India's experience with Americans came during World War II, and the GIs won many Indian hearts by fraternizing with lowly taxi drivers and tongawallas. However, this warm impression of Americans began to wear off as diplomatic relations between the two countries deepened. A theory developed that most of the ambassadors and their staffs in Delhi were taking their social cue from the British diplomats in India. On this background, Mr. Bowles's lively Americanisms have come as a much-needed relief. Recently, Mrs. Bowles walked into a cricket match with her two sons and a daughter, absolutely unannounced and without any diplomatic paraphernalia. They were about to sit in the bleachers when some discerning observer ushered them into the VIP box.

But it is the ability to present America's story without neglecting the Indian angles that really counts. For instance, Mr. Bowles imparts to whomever he meets America's preoccupation with aggressive Communism. At the same time, he is not disappointed when Indians do not show the same intensity and the same concern about the problem. On the other hand, he is quite able and willing to grant that India's preoccupation with imperialism and her distrust of foreign influences are psychologically quite sound, given her past experience, although they might not be quite factually sound.

Here is a typical example of his tact and acumen. A correspondent asked him about the Negro problem and the lynchings in America. India is super-sensitive on the point of racial discrimination. Bowles replied that the injustice is there though he himself has fought against it all through his life. What is more important, he said, is the effort made and the success achieved to eradicate that blot on America's fair name. He followed this statement by giving facts and figures to prove that the US has made "tremendous progress" toward solving the problem of race relations within its borders. Conversely, he paid tribute to India for the remarkable way it has been tackling its problem of untouchability.

Another point on which India is sensitive is the ad-hoc manner in which America strives to contain Communism in Asia by often propping up dying imperialisms or discredited local leaders. Many American spokesmen have foundered on this rock. Obviously Bowles knew about the Indian touchiness on the subject. He granted some mistakes of judgment without sounding apologetic, and he also said that basically it is a question of choice. He regards Communism as the worst type of imperialism in the second half of the 20th century, while old colonialism is dead or dying. To him leaving a vacuum for Communism to fill is more dangerous than utilizing questionable characters, be it in Korea or Indo-China.

Bowles described Indo-American understanding as the keystone in the edifice of world peace. "Without mutual respect, understanding and friendship between our two great nations," he added, "any effort to bind the world's people closer together will surely fail." Quite a few Indians would echo this sentiment The propagandists for the Eastern bloc in India will surely find Chester Bowles a formidable figure with whom to contend.

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THE CIO—IS IT GROWING OLD?

by Harry Conn

THE TORN scraps of newspaper and confetti settled to the floor; the seemingly endless parade to the platform to shake the hand of a stately, smiling man finally came to an end. The silence and sense of anticipation were in strange contrast to the ringing shouts of a few minutes before.

Philip Murray, nominated for his 12th term as President of the CIO, now solemn, looked over the 800 convention delegates and spoke slowly and deliberately:

> The CIO . . . must be a workers' organization, not a club for old or fat or bald-headed or gray-headed men like me. It must not be that. It must be a crusading organization that has dedicated its life, its soul, its spirit, its mind and its heart to serving human beings.

Another critical problem was stressed by the ruddy-faced CIO leader:

> There is present before us the greater need of organizing the unorganized, the millions of people all over this land who yearn for the opportunity to affiliate themselves with CIO organizations. . . . It should be the business of every responsible officer of every organization affiliated with the Congress of Industrial Organizations, to undertake this task during the year 1952, organizing, organizing, organizing every possible, potential unorganized worker in the United States of America.

The 13th annual convention of the CIO was drawing to a close. Its top officer had expressed the deep concern of many other union leaders. The brief injections of militancy into the convention proceedings had only a faint reminiscence of the CIO of yesteryear, a brawling, crusading CIO that was organizing the unorganized in mass-production industries.

This year, if there was any dash or any spirit in the CIO, it was Murray who put it there—Murray and Walter Reuther, President of the United Automobile Workers. Whether or not these two leaders said so in so many words, they could see a stratification of leadership developing in the CIO, and it troubled them. They looked out off the platform and everywhere they could pick out familiar faces. Too many of them were professional job-holders—known in the trade as "pork-choppers"—men who had lost their drive, lost their power to think and act independently.

These things concerned Murray, and other things displeased him. There was the banquet the first night of the convention which cost $15 per ticket, sponsored by the New York State and New York City Industrial Union Councils. There was a fifth of bourbon on each table and the speakers, Price Administrator Mike DiSalle and Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann, begged unsuccessfully for attention as they spoke on vital issues.

A rank-and-filer from Pennsylvania muttered: "I look around me and listen to the droning and I ask myself, 'Is this the CIO'?"

From the platform and from the stories passed around the convention hall it appears that Murray intends to do something about this trend which has been developing in recent years. He has been rather merciless in dealing with some of the job-holders in his own United Steelworkers. As he told the convention. "The thing that is important is the people, the people in the mills and mines and factories and offices." Reportedly, he is making sure that his staff representatives don't forget that.

It is no secret that Murray would like to retire, but now there are strong indications that he will continue in office. There is still much work for him to do, and unquestionably he is still the only one who can do it. Jacob Potofsky, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, once mentioned as a compromise successor, was knocked out of the running by the UAW executive board stand that a clothing-union leader could not handle the problems of heavy industry. It seems to be agreed that Allan Haywood, the new executive vice-president, is not young enough or well enough to succeed Murray. CIO Secretary-Treasurer James Carey has his hands more than full with his own union, the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. Steelworkers' Secretary-Treasurer David J. McDonald appears to have sunk in Murray's estimation. He was noticeably relegated to an insignificant role in the CIO convention, and his only speech was made to nominate Haywood for vice-president, something he has done regularly.

If Murray ever should retire, Reuther now appears most likely to succeed him. That could be accomplished with Murray's full support, an act which now seems possible. The relationship between the two has never been closer or smoother.

The CIO is continuing to bring in new members, but only a mere handful compared to the harvests of members in 1937 and in the early World War II period. Whether it is the time in which we are living or the nature of the CIO itself which has hurt the organization is debatable.

(*Continued on page 23*)

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Krock Spills the Beans*

POLITICAL portents were discernible in the entrails of the sacrificial lamb on election day, November 6. Prophets preferred to be cagey, as they have been ever since the Truman upset of 1948. In general, the wise men who write or speak pontifically about election results were disposed to be delphic. The light registration in New York was a disturbing factor. As to Philadelphia, the "corrupt and contented" city of the late Lincoln Steffens, the Republicans were frightened enough to accept as their candidate for mayor Dr. Daniel A. Poling, a noted Baptist divine, who had never been active in politics. They hoped desperately that he could hold back the upsurge of a vitalized Democratic organization and defeat the urge of decent voters of both parties for the local Augean stables to be thoroughly cleaned.

General Eisenhower had flown from Paris at the request of the President to discuss the urgent rearmament program of the Western Allies to make good on the policy of containment of Communism. These two highly placed American leaders secluded themselves from bulging eyes and extended ears—or thought that they had—in the President's private office in the White House, which none may enter except with the consent of the President himself. They thought that they could speak their minds to each other freely and in full confidence, that what they said would not reach the public through even the most enterprising of reporters.

But they were like innocents abroad in thinking that they could protect their secret from the omniscient Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*. If President Roosevelt's celebrated Fala had been lying quietly at the President's feet, Krock, having metamorphosed himself into a flea, would probably have hidden himself in "the hair on the tail of the dog." Or he might have been an unnoticed fly on the wall. But, while such a reduction in size might have been helpful, it is not believed that it was attempted on this occasion. It was not necessary.

Mr. Krock has attained to such rare ability in journalism that, when necessary, he can see without seeing and hear without hearing. All that he has to do is to evoke from his unerring "innards" a reconstruction of any interview, even the most secretive and closely guarded. If necessary, he might even, unseen and unheard, have penetrated the grave itself, and written, with his Krockian authoritativeness, a true and verbatim report of what both the President and General Eisenhower had said, or might have said, even in the sign language, without misplacing a comma.

Prompt and categorical denials of Mr. Krock's revelation were at once issued by both President Truman and General Eisenhower, but this did not in the least embarrass Mr. Krock. Who were Messrs. Truman and Eisenhower to question the authenticity of anything that he might write? If what he had emitted wasn't true, it might have been true. In any event, an undoubtedly great newspaper had printed, and thus given weight to, an alleged report of what had been said, in the strictest confidence and in the greatest seclusion, thus emulating the patriotic feat of the Chicago *Tribune* in disclosing, during the war, that we had broken the Japanese code. Undoubtedly, those who as implicitly believe Mr. Krock as they accept the integrity of the New York *Times* are not to be shaken in their faith that Mr. Krock presented them with an ear-witness account of Mr. Truman's suggestion that the Democratic Party might be willing to make General Eisenhower its candidate for President if the Republican Party shows such little sense as to fail to do so.

But to get back to election day, generally speaking, the results on November 6, not only in New York but in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, showed that, regardless of party, the people do not relish the close connection that the Kefauver Committee, under the able guidance of its general counsel, Rudolph Halley, had disclosed between vice and crime, including organized gambling, prostitution, narcotics-peddling and gangsterism, and crooked police and politicians in such cities as New York, Philadelphia and others. So the voters went gladly to the polls, even though too few of them had registered to throw out the crooks and their political protectors. Even Mr. James A. Farley was caught off base when it was disclosed that Joseph T. Sharkey, Acting Mayor of New York, was on the payroll of his General Building Supply Corporation. The vote was undoubtedly also an expression of distaste for the many tax thieves recently uncovered both within, and without, the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

It is to be hoped that New York has definitely turned away from its twin phonies, O'Dwyer and Impellitteri, and their political tie-up with gangsterism and crime, in order to go back to the decent era of the late Fiorello La Guardia. Perhaps Mr. Krock will go into another trance and tell us whether we may hope for this.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

FREEMAN'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON: THE MIDDLE YEARS

by J. G. Randall

READERS HAVE long been amazedly aware of Douglas Freeman's distinguished achievements as journalist-historian. His *Lee* (4 vols.) was completed in 1934; *Lee's Lieutenants* (3 vols.) ten years later; the first installment of the *Washington* (2 vols.) in 1948. His elaborate Washington biography will probably run to eight volumes. His early rising and the rigid ordering of his workday have become a legend.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A BIOGRAPHY, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner's; Vols. III and IV, $15).

In these volumes we have history-biography on a canvas even larger than the *Lee*: history to rank with Lecky, Trevelyan and Van Tyne; biography which, as to Washington, stands alone. The first impression is that of unsparing fullness. Freeman's method is to marshal masses of basic and collateral material, to build high the narrative and expository text, and to lay deep the substructure of bibliography and annotation. Yet the factual resources do not become an impediment. There are full appendices, a clarifying introduction, summaries "in retrospect" (striking the balance and giving the broad picture), and an unusual portrait gallery of full-page illustrations with explanatory text. In the main these mountains of information have been made manageable.

The third volume opens with Washington's marriage (January, 1759) as he approached the age of 27. His service in the French-British war of empire was over and 16 of his brightest years—years of Virginia life in the grand manner—lay before him. As gentleman planter he did what he loved to do: restoring Mount Vernon, organizing plantations and household, ever trying new enterprises, shifting from tobacco to more profitable undertakings, grafting fruit trees, managing the Custis estate, enjoying the Virginia scene and the waterfront location, and becoming "more and more rooted to life on the Potomac." There were hunting and fishing, travel, visiting, entertainment of guests, journeys to the races, games, plays, feasting, all of which in skeleton form was set down in his diaries. It was an adjusted and happy home life, despite the lack of children of their own. Martha's children—John Parke Custis and Martha Parke Custis—they indulgently reared to acquire the graceful arts, "to follow the fashions . . . and to dress as miniatures of their adults."

One learns in full the intricate details of Washington's financial affairs: spending lavishly to improve his property, buying Negroes, going heavily into debt, repaying a friend £50 for electioneering, ordering expensive clothes. It is easy to see how later as President he would lead the courtly life. The reaching out for more and more land, especially in the great West, became almost an obsession, as illustrated in his promoting of the Ohio Company. These Western acquisitions, by the early 1770s, had increased his holdings to a total of 32,885 acres. One has here, though that is not the intention, a case study of the economy of the time, not a survey of all classes, but a detailed plantation-and-family record within the impressive world of Virginia's landed aristocracy.

It was typical of Washington's status as an important planter that he served as local justice, as vestryman of Truro Parish, and at Williamsburg as member of the House of Burgesses. In this phase we have a full account of the Stamp Act controversy (1765), but with Patrick Henry, not Washington, as star performer. Great Britain, suffering the burdens and vexations that followed the Seven Years War, was groping maladroitly for solutions to the problems of overseas empire rather than deliberately attempting to crush the colonies and grind them down. Freeman's emphasis, however, here and later, is not upon the London outlook, but upon the growing movement for American resistance and freedom. As the political focus becomes continental, we see Washington (1774-1775) as a member, though not the most prominent one from Virginia, in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He showed no such self-importance as the average of that Congress, in which, to quote John Adams, "Every man is a great man, an orator, a critic, and a statesman."

Late in the third volume (June, 1775) Washington is chosen to general command of the American Army. From this point, though personal details are not lacking, the Freeman narrative is devoted to the military phases of the Revolution. To illustrate the scope of the treatment, the episode of training and operations before Boston, culminating in the seizure of Dorchester Heights and evacuation by Lord Howe, occupies 200 pages, but this was only the beginning of the conflict whose purpose was not yet independence. The transition from war within the pattern of the British empire to bold action for independence is not handled here primarily as a Washington story. The commander's part in that none-too-easy transition is competently treated in another book currently published: *George Washington and American Independence*, by Curtis P. Nettels (Little, Brown; $5). It should be read along with Freeman.

As the chapters march on they unfold, with a combination of broad scope and minute detail, the main military episodes of the first half of the Revolutionary War: the shift from Boston to New York, American abandonment of that area after months of defense (it was defense that "saved America"), withdrawal to New Jersey, crossing and re-

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crossing the Delaware (vividly treated), victory at Trenton (a thousand Germans captured), operations at Princeton and Morristown, the saving of New Jersey, the British occupation of Philadelphia, battles near Philadelphia, and the withdrawal of the diminished army to Valley Forge. Other developments not under Washington's immediate command are also described, among them the ill-starred Canadian venture of 1775 and the decisive victory over Burgoyne.

Merely to enumerate the commander's difficulties is something of a task: smallness and unruliness of the army, short-term enlistments combined with reluctance to re-enlist, muttering and drunkenness, undue reliance on militia, dilatoriness in filling the continental battalions, British superiority, unsatisfactory relations with Congress (no one leader headed the civil government), lack of co-operation from Charles Lee, intrigue by Conway, excessive numbers of officers and lack of competent ones, Tories by the thousands, inadequacy of intelligence, and at times the prospect that the army could not be kept alive and together. (Arnold's treason was yet to come.)

Though Freeman does not find in Washington's record prior to 1775 any obvious explanation of his later rising to the task, it was perhaps the task itself and the crisis, along with self-effacing devotion, that made the difference. Washington's refusal of pay was typical. For himself, if that was all, he did not care: it would have been easier for him to quit. His power of command stemmed from self-mastery amid a hundred vexations. He was not a man to overstep authority or seek dictatorial powers; supremacy of the civil over the military power was a basic principle with him. The patience of the man, his resourcefulness, his making the best of what he could not change—these were among the reasons why he could achieve victory even in defeat.

To a biographer who has given of his best the publisher has made an appropriate contribution by producing handsome books. It is a minor matter but a welcome point that modern army lingo ("logistics" and all that) has been avoided in favor of the military parlance of Washington's day. Modern research has made this biography possible, but the story is presented in terms of the eighteenth century.

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PHILOSOPHY AS CRITICISM

POSITIVISM: A STUDY IN HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, by Richard von Mises (Harvard University Press; $6).

A PERENNIAL FUNCTION of philosophy is to examine the meaning and grounds of current beliefs, and to challenge hollow pretensions to ultimate knowledge or profound wisdom. In recent years this function has been vigorously exercised by a widespread movement in philosophy usually labeled "positivism." Positivists have called attention especially to confusions generated by the duplicity of language; and they have sought to clarify broad issues by applying to them standards of intelligibility and validity that are characteristic of modern science. The task of ascertaining whether the emperor is really wearing clothes is never a grateful one, and positivistic charges that certain intellectual claims fail to satisfy normal criteria of scientific inquiry are often dismissed as symptoms of an impoverished imagination, or as products of doctrinaire commitment to irrelevant standards of rational analysis.

It must be admitted that most contemporary positivists have been preoccupied in the main with questions in the foundations of logic and of the natural sciences. Moreover, although in their hands the method of linguistic analysis has been an effective and responsible tool of general criticism, their own language has frequently been shrill and condescending; and their occasional discussions of matters relating to the social sciences and the humanities has often been marked by superficiality. The present book by the Gordon McKay Professor of Aerodynamics and Applied Mathematics at Harvard University is therefore welcome on several accounts. It is a systematic exposition of an eminently reasonable and moderate positivism, and steers clear of the extreme claims often advanced by professed positivists. It is simply written, and is singularly free from technical jargon. It is the work of a cultivated and urbane mind, shaped into a keen cutting edge by long years of research in physical science, but also made sensitive and tolerant by first-hand familiarity with many of the major achievements of cultivated life. And it covers a large canvas, discussing not only the customary issues in the philosophy of physical science, but also fundamental questions in practically every area of human concern—in the social sciences, in ethics and religion, and in literature, poetry and the fine arts.

Dr. von Mises defines as positivist anyone who approaches a problem in the manner typical of a contemporary scientist. Accordingly, although his positivism owes much to Ernst Mach and is influenced by Auguste Comte's encyclopedic vision of the scope of scientific method, it is not a doctrinaire credo. He does not dismiss so-called "metaphysical" assertions of academic philosophy as "meaningless," for he is aware that most sciences at their earlier stages of development are heavily burdened with vague and unverifiable conceptions. However, he classifies such assertions as not "connectible" with most of the statements of ordinary discourse and of a purified science, because no ascertainable rules or habits of usage are associated with them, and because they are in consequence not capable of experimental control. He rejects as unfounded the influential view that the social sciences require logical methods and standards which are radically different from those employed in the natural sciences; but he does not subscribe to the notion that physics is the ultimate science to which all other disciplines must be reduced. He shows with much skill that warranted judgments in ethics, as elsewhere, must be based on logic and experience; and he effectively disposes of contrary claims by showing that they fail to note the elliptic character of most ethical statements. There is unusual interest in his thesis that the sciences and the humanities are more

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intimately related than is commonly supposed, and that the fine arts and music are legitimate forms of communication. For he maintains that every work of art is "a *theory* of a specific small section of real life"; and while he does not believe that art objects can be properly characterized as true or false, he does hold that they may be in greater or lesser "agreement" with our experience.

Von Mises is keenly aware of the present limits of reliable knowledge, and of the tragic inadequacy of current intellectual techniques to many of the capital problems of the day. His book is nevertheless a staunch espousal of rational methods of inquiry in all departments of human concern, and it voices a mature and well-reasoned confidence in the power of such methods to decrease progressively the crucial areas of our ignorance. No one who reads it will credit the frequent but tiresome charge that positivism marks a failure of nerve or a decadence in thought.

ERNEST NAGEL

TERRIFIC

SCHNOZZOLA: THE STORY OF JIMMY DURANTE, by Gene Fowler (Viking; $3).

ROAMING Broadway one dawn in 1923, broke to the tune of $98,000 in a three-night floating crap game, Lou Clayton, whose gambling was only surpassed by his agility as a soft-shoe dancer, dropped into the Club Durant, a Fifty-eighth Street speakeasy, and sang *Willie, the Weeper* to the piano accompaniment of the titular boss whose name was misspelled in the nitespot's electric sign. For the next three decades, Clayton was the business genius of a partnership that presented Jimmy Durante to the world as the greatest clown since Grimaldi. Their only contract was Jimmy's signed picture: "To My Dear Pal and Partner, Lou, until Death Do We Part." Stricken with "Big Casino," Broadway's tag for cancer, Clayton conceived a monument for his pal and, in February, 1950, summoned Gene Fowler to his bedside at Chicago's Drake Hotel.

"There's nobody as sweet as he is, or as great," Clayton said. "In a bad world he's stayed good. The crazy age that produced us sent lots of fellows to Sing Sing; but something inside of Jimmy Durante kept him good and honest and kind. And when you come near him it's like warming your hands at a fire."

For six months, through tape recordings and interviews, Fowler compiled the Durante saga, weaving humor, poignancy, color and a vivid style into the tapestry of a fabulous era. *Schnozzola*, which gets inside the heart of Jimmy Durante with candor and charm, is Fowler's best biography to date.

Up from Catherine Street and the fringe of Chinatown where the big-nosed son of an Italian barber sold papers, we follow Jimmy as a song-plugger in a Coney Island saloon, as floor comic in Harlem cabarets, "where the only fresh air was what the customers brought in on their clothes," his meeting with Eddie Jackson, high-silk-hat cakewalker, who still sings *Bill Bailey* with him in night clubs, through the half-world of Prohibition Broadway when the band "played loud" to cover up hi-jackings, on to smash musicals and some that weren't, Hollywood, radio, television. Although he "don't want nobody to put me on a pedasill," the book comes close to doing just that for the bantam word-mangler whose success robbed him of home life, earned him half a million dollars last year but not a nickel saved. He emerges from the pages as wistful as he is hilarious and as genuine as his vast public believes him to be.

RUSSELL RHODES

Russell Rhodes is night-club columnist and general entertainment editor of the New York Journal of Commerce.

NOT EVIL ENOUGH

EVIL UNDER THE SUN, by Anton Myrer (Random House; $3.50).

COMPARED WITH *Lie Down in Darkness*, which I reviewed here recently, *Evil Under the Sun* owes no such debt to an older novelist as Styron's book does to Faulkner, but at the same time it seems less personal and more in the current of the times. The author, Anton Myrer (Exeter, Harvard, Marine Corps, now publishing his first novel at 28), has chosen what is becoming a central theme among the younger writers: the reality of evil in society "and in the human heart"—a stylish phrase that Myrer doesn't speak aloud, but seems to be always muttering under his breath.

Like *Lie Down in Darkness*, the novel is a series of interior monologues, and that too is becoming a tendency. Ten or fifteen years ago the younger men were writing like behaviorists and their characters either had no real emotions or else tried to mask them under trivial words and automatic gestures. Now the younger men of a new decade are trying to explore the caverns of the mind and the result is that they write with more sensitivity; but they also, in many cases, weaken the effect of a big scene by describing it through the blurred consciousness of a character who misses half of what is going on. Myrer does that with the big, wicked party that should be the climax and Walpurgis Night of his book. For the most part, however, he tells a lively story and keeps it moving forward in a straight line, not circling around the subject in Faulknerian rings.

His novel is based on a summer at Capetown (read: Provincetown) among the younger artists and slightly older writers. He knows the scene and his book is most interesting on the level of social reporting—"Yes, that's how the kids are talking now," the reader keeps saying. But Myrer wants to reach another level, too, and he makes his writers and artists conduct a long argument—a sort of Platonic dialogue—about the nature of evil.

The writers are engrossed in Freudian psychology and deny the reality of vice and virtue, saying that all conduct is the result of traumas, fixations and drives. At the same time, most of them fall into the evil whose existence they deny, and their leader—Alan Marsden, the editor of a magazine called *Mephisto* that is described as if it were a combination of *Neurotica* and the *Partisan Review*—proves himself to be actively cruel and malignant. Against this group are set two student artists, both veterans. Mike Doyle has come out of the war with a conviction that evil is in society and must be conquered there; he wants his painting to have a social-revolutionary effect. Paul Kittering is convinced that the only hope for mankind is for each of us to act as a moral individual; he makes a fool of himself, but finally wins a little triumph through an act of faith. In the end we learn that Kittering has spoken—eloquently and at very great length—for the author.

Myrer's thesis would be more impressive if we hadn't come across it in so many recent novels. It would be more impressive, too, if the wicked writers in his story had managed to do more damage: the most that Alan Marsden can accomplish in Satan's name is to betray his mistress and seduce a Wellesley girl, one who impresses the reader as being more

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seducible than seductive. As a group, the esthetes assembled in the novel are pretty suburban in their sinfulness and would never have been admitted to an ordinary witches' revel (or *ébat*) on the Brocken, much less to the Grand Sabbat. And that brings me back to another comparison with *Lie Down in Darkness*: in the other novel William Styron doesn't argue about the nature of evil, but at least he presents a family whose members drive one another to madness and suicide, and he thereby makes us believe that evil is present and unavoidable. MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Brief

Out of Bondage, by Elizabeth Bentley (Devin-Adair; $3.50).

In this excessively predictable autobiography, Elizabeth Bentley recalls how, lonely and disenchanted, she joined the Communist Party; how, credulous and emotionally nourished, she became a part of its international apparatus; how, disillusioned and frightened after the death of Jacob Golos, her comrade-lover, she belatedly developed a crusading patriotism for the United States.

Miss Bentley places an extremely high value on her services to both Moscow and Washington; she is obviously a woman with a strong need to feel useful. She is also a woman who, while admitting that she turned from Yankee individualist to loyal tool of Russia to a self-righteous informer against one-time colleagues and dupes, has never at a given moment had the least doubt about the wisdom of her acts.

The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man, by Herbert Marshall McLuhan (Vanguard; $4.50).

Mr. McLuhan has assembled and commented on 59 examples, with illustrations, of attempts to get inside the "collective public mind" through advertisements, newspaper headlines, comic strips, etiquette books, science fiction and the like, to play for profit or other advantage on human fears and longings, to "manipulate, exploit and control." Hidden in these appeals, he believes, are the vital clues to the folklore of industrial man, what mass production and mechanization have made of him, what he would wish to be but suspects he cannot. The study of these specimens is important, Mr. McLuhan suggests, to help us find out why and how we are bamboozled, how we may guide our world "in more reasonable courses." The idea of the book is excellent, its purpose admirable; unfortunately the effectiveness of the work is all but destroyed by an inflated and professorial style and by the author's predilection for positively blood-curdling puns.

THEATRE

Punch and Judy

THE THEATRICAL SEASON of 1951-52 has begun with so little éclat that it has become high praise merely to say that a show is "professional." *The Four-poster* is certainly better than "professional," but the level on which it stands may be gauged by the use of that word as a norm. The play is a series of cute clichés on marriage from bridal bed to old age. Though uneven, it is placidly intelligent, moderately witty and generally pleasant. Its best feature is the acting of its two roles by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. There is a kind of serious charm and astringently cool sweetness to Jessica Tandy's wife that are refreshing enough to remove any taint of vulgarity from the proceedings. Cronyn, as the husband, becomes increasingly endearing as the play progresses, and the puzzled and dignified obtuseness of his advanced age is conveyed with uncommon delicacy.

The "professionalism" of our dramatic stage—which, alas, is becoming so rare as to call for special remark—is nothing compared to that of our comics, our dancers, our musical-comedy stars. Who among our "legitimate" actors is more proficient than Phil Silvers? What young actress of serious drama excels the sureness and completeness of Judy Garland?

To look at, Phil Silvers does not have as definite a personality as those other famous comics whose careers began with burlesque. He seems no more than a sharp young man who might be in charge of a large mid-town haberdashery or a prosperous radio and television agency. Silvers' technique, too, strikes one as a compendium of what he has learned from other comedians. His method is a kind of illustrated encyclopedia of show business. What gives it a particular stamp, apart from its unflagging punch, is its shrewdness, a dry observation of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of the big-city American engaged in the most gaudily competitive enterprises. Silvers cannot make a telephone call, order a sandwich, ask for a shave, without suggesting a parody of the haste, hurry, noise and flimflam of our entire business-hotel civilization.

To complain that *Top Banana,* the Silvers vehicle, has no score to speak of, that its "book" is less than trivial, that its ballet is mediocre, seems to me almost irrelevant. The show is not only hilarious, it has a style; in fact, if you should care to think about it, it is art—more truly folk art than any cowboy song or hillbilly ditty. The style is that of Phil Silvers and what he represents, and the cast around him is thoroughly integrated into the total effect. This low comedy gave me top pleasure.

I adore Judy Garland, though she makes me a little sad. Her quality—not to mention the consummate ease, precision and warmth of her projection—has all the bravery, sturdiness, together with the darling vulnerability, of the seasoned performer. Her power—and power is not too strong a word for the concentrated intensity of her delivery—lies not only in the sentiments she expresses, but in the fundamental strength required to be a really outstanding stage figure. It is the power of leadership over people through heart rather than through aggressive will. It is the power that rises from the desire and ability *to give.* What Judy communicates all the time is a young-womanly wistfulness, an unselfconscious heartbreak which is not so much pitiful as disarmingly human. Even when her songs describe something missed, something lost, we feel that she is still ahead of us because she gives more than we do, because she has experienced more.

Two things make me sad about Judy. The first is that she is essentially a fine actress who, were she not caught up in the big time of movies, television and grandiose personal appearances, could bring to our stage something that it now sadly lacks: the poetry of a genuine personality. (What a Sister Carrie she would make!) Second, I am distracted by the Hollywood tone of the "presentation" with which it was thought necessary to support her Palace appearance. She does not need her past triumphs to be recalled in semi-trailer fashion; her

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"in person" presence at this time does not have to be dramatized by relating her to the stars of the past or to those in the audience. Judy brings her excitement right on stage with her: all she has to do is to appear before us and sing.

I am distressed not to be able to evince any enthusiasm for Maxwell Anderson's *Barefoot in Athens*. Many friends whose opinion I respect admire it. Certainly it is motivated by the most respectable intentions: it is a simple and sincere plea for free thought and the rights of the individual conscience. More than that, Anderson has tried to make his statement (through the figure of Socrates) with exemplary modesty. But Anderson is a romantic, and as such the mode of Doric purity does not become him. I am aware that some people who do not like his more orotund and rhetorical vein prefer *Barefoot in Athens*. They are mistaken: Anderson cannot be spare and remain theatrically interesting.

The Number is a racket melodrama staged by George Abbott, who was a specialist in this sort of thing in the twenties. But the play does not come off because it is an improper mixture of character elements with action for its own sake. The character elements are too thin to hold us by themselves and so obtrusive that they dilute the action, which is consequently not taut enough to grip us. HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR

Decorous Applause

SINCE show business is the art of selling illusion, it has developed to a high degree the knack of self-delusion. This is true of every phase of the entertainment industry. Give vaudeville one Palace bill headed by the indomitable Judy Garland, and the optimists assure you that the old two-a-day has come back. An excellent Broadway production of Bernard Shaw is hailed as an infusion of life into the legitimate theatre. The movies are saved from total oblivion at least twice a year and the same thing happens on the air. Recently, radio's good name was again upheld by Norman Corwin, who built a program on the people who file papers, drive trucks and perform other humdrum chores around United Nations headquarters; television is beating itself on the back because Jack Benny has returned without "Rochester"; Toscanini has permitted the cameras to be set up in Carnegie Hall; *Celanese Theatre* is spending $30,000 a week to bring drama to our homes. All of which deserves applause but hardly a snake dance and the uprooting of goal-posts.

The Corwin job on the UN—it was broadcast for an hour on Mutual, on a Sunday night from nine to ten—was called *Windows on the World*. It consisted of a series of interviews with men and women who are employed inside the tall shaft of stone, steel and glass that now houses the international organization. Corwin and his crew of United Nations Radio assistants started with a tape recorder in the third sub-basement and went straight up to the thirty-eighth floor, listening to members of the Secretariat tell about their jobs. On that top story, Trygve Lie was heard saying the usual things; somewhere in between there was a brief interview with Ralph Bunche about his work in the Trusteeship Council. But mainly the journey recorded the diplomatically less significant, but humanly more interesting functions of the people who punch clocks. When the hour was over, a listener had the feeling that a group of international civil servants wearing overalls or working with sleeves rolled up is trying to hold together what the winged-collar brigade sometimes seems bent on blowing sky-high.

I refuse to turn cartwheels over Benny's reappearance. His season's debut over CBS-TV provided a relaxed performance, and proved that, after twenty years on the air, he is still adaptable. Shortly after his television show, the Friars put on a big shindig to celebrate his completion of two decades on the air, while CBS capitalized on its property by gathering a bunch of celebrities to salute him over the radio. Now I'd like to see similar clambakes for a half-dozen other comedians—to be followed promptly by retirement.

I skipped the first broadcast of Toscanini's six concerts with the NBC Symphony, hearing the performance at Carnegie Hall instead. Some of my faithful colleagues, however, report that the video cameras were more concerned with fancy lens work than with respectful attendance upon a great orchestra performing superbly. Toscanini's next concert on television will be seen over NBC-TV on December 22, from 6:30 to 7:30.

If you like good drama that is expertly produced and done with a respect for the original, plus understanding of television's need for adaptation, stay home every other Wednesday night and tune to *Celanese Theatre* on ABC-TV between 10 and 11, EST.

Ah, Wilderness! was the first on the *Celanese* schedule, followed by *Susan and God* (for which Pamela Brown was flown over from England), then *Winterset*. Except for a weak performance by Richard Carlyle as Mio, the son of the martyred Bartolomeo whose railroading to the chair motivates this drama of disillusion, *Winterset* on television was more moving, closer to a modern morality than I remember it to have been on either stage or screen. A. Burke Crotty as executive producer, and Alex Segal as producer-director, deserve praise for the job they are doing on *Celanese Theatre*. With their budget, they could afford all kinds of fancy trappings; instead, they stick to good casting and careful direction against functional but evocative sets.

It is annoying, however, that the television adapter's name is consistently left off the sizable list of credits for *Celanese Theatre*. *Ah, Wilderness!* is announced only as a play by Eugene O'Neill, and *Winterset* is billed as if it were the Maxwell Anderson original. It is a mark of television's lack of respect for its own writers that a reviewer conscious of the script man's exacting role in the craft must almost resort to bloodhounds to trace the names of the people who make these adaptations. Rachel Crothers did her own TV version of *Susan and God*; the writers who worked on *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Winterset* were, respectively, Joseph Schrank and Paul Fanning. SAUL CARSON

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CIO AND MURRAY

(*Continued from page 16*)

It certainly has not hurt the UAW which now has a membership of 2,250,000, a thoroughly democratic structure and relatively few professional job-holders.

The CIO Southern Organizing Drive has met with limited success this year and with a curtailed staff and inadequate funds has done about all that could be asked. Other organizing committees, concentrating on insurance and government workers, have made slight gains. It is among retail and wholesale, white-collar workers, and textile workers that the CIO has failed most miserably.

The CIO retail and wholesale unions have long been torn by inner strife. The head of the now defunct Retail and Wholesale and Department Store Workers, Samuel Wolchok, was an example of a professional job-holder who sacrificed his union and its future in a vain effort to secure the presidency. He lost out; the union collapsed. Then the Amalgamated Clothing Workers were given the job of organizing department-store workers, but aside from organizing some of the retail outlets of organized clothing manufacturers, it did little. Now there is a department-store union under Haywood's direction whose greatest achievement has been to bring the 8,000 employees of Macy's in New York back into the CIO from the old Communist-dominated Local 65. The new Retail and Wholesale Union has made slight progress, but it has received little genuine financial support from the CIO.

The fact that there are still some 700,000 unorganized textile workers stems from many causes. One reason is that the majority of these workers are in the South. In addition, the TWUA is split by an internal war, and the union president, Emil Rieve, is presently pulling a number of his organizers out of the South at the same time that new mills are moving in that direction. His fear is that Southern locals would be too close to TWUA Executive Vice-President George Baldanzi whom Rieve failed to purge in 1950 and whom he reportedly will again attempt to purge at the union's convention next April. Meanwhile, organization of textile workers is largely at a standstill.

"What is wrong with the American labor movement," Jennie Lee, noted British Labour leader and wife of Aneurin Bevan, wrote in her book *The Great Journey*, "is that its leaders have never learned to disagree." Even the most enthusiastic backers of both the CIO and the AFL have to acknowledge the veracity of this. Only in the Typographical Union is there a genuine two-party system.

In at least one memorable instance, however, the CIO has agreed to tolerate disagreement. This was in the adoption by this convention of a far-reaching program to eliminate jurisdictional friction in the CIO. The program calls for the selection of an umpire to arbitrate the differences who will take into consideration (1) the original jurisdiction, (2) the extent of the organization, (3) the desires of the workers, and (4) the area and the service available.

There were other convention episodes in which the CIO demonstrated that it still retains some of its progressive drive. The strong position taken by Murray and the delegates against a small handful of Utility Workers who proclaimed their annual stand of opposition to public ownership of utilities and against the railroad workers who opposed the St. Lawrence Waterway was healthy. Murray and Reuther made moving appeals for eradicating segregation and discrimination. And no kind words were wasted in a resolution which bitterly flayed the Supreme Court for upholding the conviction of the Communist leaders under the Smith Act, Sen. Pat McCarran's Internal-Security Committee and the "pernicious" activities of McCarthy.

These actions and the refusal to accept unilateral sacrifice in the defense program are illustrative of the hard core of the CIO. The core still has health and vigor despite the growing encroachments of stratified business unionism. The encroachments may be, as one convention delegate suggested, an inevitable sign of growing up, but 13 is a rather early age for senility. Against this senility, Philip Murray, young of spirit, still seems to be the major antidote.

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